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SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF THE SUPER-NATURAL.

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Belief in the reality of a supernatural world—a realm of spirits exercising a potent influence for good or evil upon the human race—is no novel idea. Every age and religion have acknowledged its truth. Mere fancy cannot account for a conviction so lasting and universal. We frequently experience thoughts that seem to owe neither their origin nor character to ourselves—nay, seem to be forced upon us against our will—and we can instinctively feel the spiritual agency that surrounds us.

Shakespeare, aware of the vast power wrapt up in this supernatural element, has marvelously blended its weird, uncertain light with the more brilliant tints and the black shadows of his pictures. In his bold yet natural use of imagination, credulity is never overtaxed, but skillfully tuned into entirely new channels better suited to his purpose. With no Ariel, what charm

has the "Tempest?" "Midsummer Night's Dream" would not be readable without the graceful ease and airiness borrowed from fairy-land. "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" hold us spell-bound, making the "substances of truth more awful by their superstitious shadows." The Weird Sisters present a fearful example of the fatal influence of evil powers over the sinful heart, and, with their mysterious might, inspire us with a fascinating terror; while nothing in dramatic literature brings us so suddenly and impressively face to face with eternity, as the sad, solemn, stately appearance of "The Majesty of Denmark."

This wonderful union of the natural and supernatural is a marked feature of Shakespeare's treatment of his spirit world. The first essential in such dramatic representations, is to cause a practical belief, not only in the possibility but even probability of the occurrences of the play; and here, so carefully are these opposite elements mingled, that, to pass from one to the other, requires no stretch of the imagination. Where, for instance, could we find more diversified ingredients for a play than in the characters of "Midsummer Night's Dream?" Yet not one of them can be spared. The fairy influence pleasantly explains and excuses the infidelity of the lovers, and Titania's love for the foolish weaver seems, though extremely ridiculous, the only natural result of a simple trick. And again, just as in this dream-play the scenery, atmosphere and time are in perfect keeping with the office of the fairies, so, in "Hamlet," the place, the solemn stillness of the hour, raise our expectations to the highest pitch, and, while we are astonished at the coming of the Ghost, we must acknowledge that it seems to be the most natural thing in the world. The "blasted heath," the "fog and filthy air," and the wild thunderstorm, introduce us to the very elements of the witches' characters. In the cave, with its black surroundings; in the very contents of their foul cauldron, we find this masterly blending of earth and hell. But the spirit characters themselves also show this union. Their forms, their dress, their speech and actions are all natural and appropriate,

while there is nothing inharmonious with either their apparent earthly or real spiritual nature.

The majority of dramatists who deal with the agency of magic, "assert the independence of nonsense," and abuse a vast power. Their spirits are mere scene-shifters, whose business it is to break up monotony, and by the introduction of unexpected terrors, to add spice and liveliness to the occasion. Unlike these authors, Shakespeare never treats this subject flippantly. His use of it is ever reverent and solemn. Although scarcely allowing us to see these supernatural beings, he puts in their hands the keys that unlock the mysteries of the play. He employs them not as a means of diversion or amusement, but as creatures who, in a sense, determine our fate, and in whose control lies Destiny. This use is not fantastical, but tragical.

Is Shakespeare's spirit world a reality? Are these beings represented as living characters, as much so as the persons with whom they deal, and who seem to see and converse with them? Or did the poet wish merely to delineate phantoms, having an existence in a heated brain or strong imagination? The decision of this question by no means depends on Shakespeare's reputation as a spiritist. It should be our object to discover, not what he himself believed, but what he expected his audience to believe, in regard to the personality of such creatures. His witches and ghosts, as a rule, it is true, appear to those who by nature desire their acquaintance, or dread them on account of evil deeds; whose minds, in short, are somewhat prepared for their reception. This would certainly suggest the latter view. There are, however, strong objections to its adoption. The Fairy world, at least, is no phantom, for it is not seen by mortals. Then, again, the objective reality of the Weird Sisters and, with one exception, of the ghosts, has been so carefully guarded, that unprejudiced minds find it very hard to believe them mere spectres. Although they appear more readily to those whom they can influence—and naturally, since they are powerless to harm others—there are instances to the contrary. Banquo had no evil desires, yet he saw and heard the Witches; and Hamlet's Ghost first

shows itself to sentries with whom it had nothing to do. It is very noticeable that the whole of this spirit world is represented, not as moving at the wish of mortals, but as guided by its own will ; and in this fact we may gain a common-sense explanation of the mystery. The essential idea of a spirit is freedom from earthly influence ; and while so careful to preserve their reality, Shakespeare would not have neglected to clothe his supernatural beings with this, their chief power. They are able to be seen of some, and to conceal themselves from others, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that this was regulated by the spirits themselves, not by men's minds. Hence the inability of the guests to see the Ghost of Banquo can be easily accounted for by this theory. Their mission is to sway the destiny of mortals, and therefore they have an actual existence, a real objective personality, unique, and distinct from the mere fancy of their beholder.

While Shakespeare makes use of popular ideas in fashioning his spirits, and in form and drapery reconciles them with the tastes of the age, he has given them characters quite different from those found in ancient mythology, or even in the literature of the day. His ghost is very much on the old plan : a troubled soul revisiting its earthly abode to carry out the decrees of justice. There is neither much room nor need here for a change, as the old representations contained all the awe and solemnity that were requisite for his purpose. But we find an entire absence of that trifling or irrelevant element, which other writers sometimes mingle with their ideals. The speech and actions are all of grave and weighty import. The Ghost in Hamlet, moreover, has a far nobler nature than usual. It is strongly actuated by feelings of love and forbearance ; even pity for one who has wronged it. It urges a son to vengeance, but exhibits not a trace of passion nor resentment. Purged of all grosser qualities, the spirit calmly demands the righteous punishment of guilt. Here is a grander conception of the mighty dead.

But neither in art nor superstition do we elsewhere meet with the Weird Sisters. Their wild, weather-beaten attire reminds

us of the ancient Eumenides; but they are not avengers of sin. Unlike the furies of Æschylus, they alarm, not the senses, but the soul. We at first imagine that we see before us the common witches of the day; low, filthy hags, that cause more disgust than terror. But, as we look further, we discover a strange difference; we are seized with an undefined dread. They have not an earthy cast. With all their wickedness, they are neither vulgar nor sensual. Loathesome lusts characterize the traditional Witches of the North, and the torments they inflict are the results of disappointed passions. The Witch of Scandinavia, to revenge her slighted love, flays alive the handsome shepherd, and with shrieks of fiendish joy, she and her disgusting horde glut themselves on his quivering flesh. The Witch of Middleton can torment those who provoke her, send disease, kill flocks, and brew deadly poisons for all who seek her aid. These are mean and ugly creatures, moved by passionate hate or envy; beings who can physically injure, but not spiritually destroy. But not a trace of human weakness can be seen in the Weird Sisters. What men fear is a power they cannot understand, and they meet it here. The mystery that shrouds the words and actions of these wild witches, their knowledge of the future, and chiefly their knowledge of our thoughts, which gives them such unlimited sway over the mind, fill us with awe. We feel a horror of soul, not a fear of pain. It was this sublimity that was lacking in the Northern Valkyries. A pure cold malignity—evil just for the love of evil—actuates these bearded women. They do not hate Macbeth, nor are they seeking vengeance. It is a venom of no earthly growth.

Shakespeare's Fairies were likewise a new creation. His materials were drawn from the merry Saxon legends, and he was the first to discover and prove the great superiority of rustic simplicity over formal art, in the delineation of airy, graceful elfs. The Fairies of Spenser have no distinct office, and, like his world of chivalry, show, with all their grace, a certain monotony and want of character. In preference to the beauty, melody and sweetness that he might have gained from this

source, our author wisely chose the pranks of Robin Goodfellow and the rude taste of his countrymen. He stripped from them the gloomy dress that marked the fairies of Scandinavia and Scotland, and presented them as gay, mischievous, harmless sprites. From his skillful hands they come as dream-gods, light and swift, following the setting sun, and delighting especially in twilight, moonbeams, sweet perfumes and shining dew. Theirs is a luxuriant life of dancing, play and song. We find them careless and unscrupulous, with no sympathy for the victims of their pranks, no reflection, no intellectual developement. Their anger is fitful and transient, and expends itself in good-natured raillery. Here, too, we have a striking contrast to the ghost and witch, for the power of the fairies is wholly external. The lovers are entirely at their mercy. These midgets delude the senses, but never try to influence the motives; their cuts are but skin deep. In form and feature, Shakespeare's supernatural world exactly resembles that of tradition. When we first view it, we detect no difference between the two; but, as soon as it begins to speak and act, we feel at once its individual character.

Creating new forms, however, was not the main object of the "Poet of Nature." It lay deeper than in mere outward characterization. Shakespeare could not have given us his supernatural beings, without having previously associated them in his mind with the morals they plainly convey. These spirits are but the embodiment of human desires, thoughts, and feelings. In these unearthly forms man meets from without the superstition, sin, and foolishness that is within himself. And here lies the potent charm that compels our breathless attention.

The appearance of the ghost brings us instantly back to the beliefs of childhood. We have a superstitious element often latent in our nature, which is here given a living form. This strange shadow excites a yearning after the knowledge of our future existence, and thus typifies, not only the belief in this existence, but also the intense desire of the mind to penetrate the cloud that conceals it. Furthermore, the ghost of the king, and especially that of Banquo, flash out before us into startling

clearness the remorse and unhappiness attendant on past sin, and the fear of retribution in the soul. Hamlet dares not meet his gather while vengeance is still incomplete, and Macbeth, in every word addressed to the shade of the murdered man, betrays by voice and expression his over-mastering horror and fear.

In his Witches, Shakespeare has personified the evil tendencies of the heart, just as in the Ghost he has given shape to our solemn and anxious thoughts. Their dangerous promises are but the echoes of the self-deception and fatal sophistry that lurks in guilty bosoms. The Weird Sisters are powerless over the good, but they may flatter, seduce and delude those evilly inclined. Macbeth fights no external influence but his own dangerous impulses which they have unrolled before him. As the ghost in Hamlet rouses an already firm purpose, so here the witches tempt an already predisposed will. His mere inclinations are dexterously formed into thoughts, and helped to mature into wicked deeds. They strive to make him sin-hardened, self-reliant, contemptuous, so that

"He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear."

Notice, also, the irresistible charm that our evil desires exert, in the ability which—like the Weird Sisters—they too, seem to have, of working out their own predictions. The Witches put no check on his thoughts, but take good care that his desires shall be in strict accordance with their own; that they themselves shall be the unholy medium through which his wishes pass.

Shakespeare's fairy-land offers us quite as masterly, but far more pleasant a portrait of human feelings than does the witches' cave. Under the allegory of a dream-life, he has painted the sensuous life of love, in which the fairies stand for our fanciful thoughts, the producers of love and its dreams. In this intoxicating passion, reason and consciousness are thrown aside, and unresistingly, like charmed serpents, men yield to the delightful music, acknowledging a power over which will and wisdom have no control. Hence, the special fitness of making this mes-

meric influence a personified fairy. His fairy natures exactly coincide with this office. Their actions spring entirely from impulse—are instinctive rather than rational. Motives have no place in the starting of love; that is almost entirely a sensational result. Accordingly, the mistakes in "Midsummer Night's Dream" are caused by no internal promptings, but by external charms alone. Just as dreams, moreover, are wanting in moral impulse and accountability, so these little dream-gods have no delicacy or moral restraint.

The whole of this spirit-world clearly depicts for us the vast semi-fatalistic influence of the supernatural over our moral nature. Men know this power and all its danger. Yet unconsciously, almost helplessly, they are drawn to seek it, and only mourn its rule without the strength to resist. It never interferes with choice or freedom of action, but when once committed there is no escape. Struggling, as in quicksands and gill-nets, but wearies, and more securely fastens the unhappy victim. The fiendish laugh of the Witch, the teasing smile of the delighted Fairy, and the calm, unruffled assurance of the Ghost, plainly show the confidence they have in their terrible fastenings, and the joy with which they gloat over the futile attempts of men to free themselves from their self-imposed chains, or watch the despair that drives them to still graver offences.

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#### **WHO WROTE IT, AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?**

There has recently appeared an anonymous volume called *The Conflicts of the Age*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1881. It is a republication of four essays which had previously appeared in the *North American Review*. The first essay, *An Advertisement for a New Religion*, is signed, *By an Evolutionist*; the second, *The Confession of an Agnostic*, *By an Agnostic*; the third, *What Morality have we Left?* *By a New*

Light Moralist ; and the fourth, Review of the Fight, By a Yankee Farmer.

The collection into a single volume of a series of essays, each forming an essential part of a single plan, at once suggests the inquiry, Who wrote it, and what does it mean ? The author's name is not given, and we very much fear that these vigorous, beautiful and stirring essays will pass on unclaimed, and their author remain unknown. We learn, from page 64 of the volume, that "A newspaper writer of strong personal antipathies," had already "ascribed them to a College President, who did not take much pains to deny them till he found himself caricatured, and then could not speak of them with temper." It so happens that we know of no College President, except our own, who has noticed these striking essays. In the January number of the *Princeton Review*, in an article on the Concord School of Philosophy, our honored President quotes at length from this anonymous volume, and characterizes as a "foolish paper" the article from which this extract is taken. Turning to this paper, we find appended to the quoted paragraph the following note : "The men with high aspirations who met at Concord in August, wished to throw back the low materialism of the day. But they will not be able to do this with the American public by resorting to the forms of Kant and Hegel." A superficial reader might readily observe some correspondence between this note and the concluding remarks of the article in the *Princeton Review*. We there read : "To sum up, I believe in the lofty aims of the school at Concord. I go with them in their courageous opposition to scepticism, agnosticism and materialism. . . . Many, dissatisfied with the meagre philosophy of England, Scotland and America at the present time, are looking anxiously towards Germany. But I do not believe they will be able to beat back the tide by the embankments erected by Kant and Hegel, which, when they give way, as they are evidently doing, will only let in the floods of scepticism with greater force." We are not inclined to give much weight to such a correspondence. It can only suggest that both authors held

similar sentiments concerning the value of the Concord School of Philosophy. A careful reading of these essays convinces us that it is far more probable that the author is some College graduate, in the full vigor of early manhood. It may be that, by his outward expression, he has committed himself to modern scientific ideas, but within his breast there still lingers the old religious faith. In the first two essays the author gives evidence of a large acquaintance with the history of philosophy, ancient and modern. Name after name appears, and opinion after opinion is quoted. These might very easily have been the temporary stays of a young man more interested in the conclusions than in the premises of philosophy. Such a panorama of glittering authorities as passes before a College student's mind has very frequently upset his traditional beliefs, and made him, for the time-being, really long for a new religion, a new standard of truth, and a new code of morals; while in the unchanging depths of his heart his childhood's faith remains secure. The author of these essays appears to feel less the loss of religion and the loss of philosophy, than he does the loss of morals. This makes his third essay the most interesting. He there describes the changes which occurred in his moral philosophy. He loses first his childhood's ethics, founded on the Hebrew Scriptures, and consisting in constant appeals to God. He then goes to an orthodox College of the Puritan type. He says of it: "That College has, for the last year or two, been considerably exercised about development; some of its teachers and a number of its independent-minded students rejoicing in the new light, while the great body of them are in a state of somnolence, from which they will soon have a terrible awakening."

He falls in with the new current, and soon gives up the ethical teachings of his College professor, who belonged to the intuitive school. He then accepts various forms of utilitarianism until he reaches the system of Herbert Spencer. Here he stops. He thinks that Spencer has described an ideal system. He has no fault to find with the system, except that it is too ideal—an ethics for those who may be alive a hundred thousand years

hence, but not for the men of the present day. Swayed by such feelings, he advertises for a new moral code. It is not to be expected that a man of his character will fasten himself to any systematic moral code; he is too much of a religious, philosophic and moral flirt to accept another's answer to the questions he delights to raise. He needs no formulated system given him, and prudent men will allow him to solve his own problems. His sentiments and expectations, however, are different. He advertises, and wishes some one to answer. As we have already intimated, his own preconceived reply is to be found in the sentiments of the Yankee Farmer. In the brief preface to the volume, we learn that these papers were published because they "reflect the opinions of the age." And so truly has our author pictured his superficial opinions, that he has deceived many as to the real state of his mind. If we should suppose the first three articles to be the expression of a thoroughgoing Evolutionist, Agnostic or New Light Moralist, some exception might be found, both to what is said and what is left unsaid. They have not the ring of opinions grounded upon real experience. Still less does the fourth essay adequately represent the opinions of a Yankee Farmer. How many such can you find able to quote from Anacharsis, and then clinch his intellectual fists in successive rounds with the great representatives of modern thought? The Yankee Farmer, as we know him, will hold with a tenacity which compels our admiration, opinions which he cannot and dare not defend, and he is shrewd enough to avoid controversy. The sentiments here attributed to the Yankee Farmer are, as we suppose, the sturdy instincts which linger in the heart of a young man of Puritan ancestry. They are the inner, cherished feelings which, even to-day, (in an anonymous volume) he will venture to defend.

It is interesting to observe the end of the whole matter: "I notice that when they *marry*, and have several mouths to feed, they give up Nihilism." Marriage is the direction in which many a young man looks for a solution of these heart-rending problems.

**THE LEATHERSTOCKING.**

Few works of American fiction have been read and admired more widely than the Leatherstocking tales. With all their faults and inaccuracies, they are unrivaled in their portraiture of Indian character and frontier life, and their author has seized upon the romance of the wilderness to add still greater interest to his pages. There is a pleasure in the trackless woods and a charm in the story of a vanishing race which he has wrought into the witchery of romance. He alone pictures the bright side of Indian character, and has erected an enduring monument to its greatness. The historian tells only of its cruelty and treachery, and the miserable remnant who linger on the frontiers can give us no idea of the virtues of their forefathers. They, like the last of every race, are the dregs in the cup, and have all the vices and none of the virtues of their ancestry. It is to the novelist that we must look for the true picture of the race, and Cooper alone offers such a view. To him the Indian is not the incarnation of brutality and treachery with which men have been wont to clothe him. With all his vices he is human, and often exhibits in his narrow sphere the same genius that made Cesar and Napoleon the leaders of their ages. The hardy character, dauntless bravery, deep hates and firm loves of the race are here portrayed, and a halo cast about these rude children of the forest.

To Americans these novels have a double interest. Their author has thrown the charm of romance around American scenes. He has added to our forests and rivers a new interest and peopled them with the fancies of romance. Well has he earned the title of "The American Scott," for the "Wizard of the North" was not more patriotic than the American. Scott had the greater genius, and his characters are bolder and more varied; but he never excels Cooper in the description of his native land. Americans have been too slow in appreciating the novelist who has best described the beauty of their country.

But the greatest interest of these tales lies in their hero, Leatherstocking. It is to this character that the novels owe not only their name, but much of their literary value. It is Natty Bumppo, "the one melodious synopsis of man and nature in the west," to quote Carlyle—who attracts us and lingers longest in our memories. Natty is a frontiersman—one of those fragments of humanity broken off from the mass of their fellows, and passing their lives in the solitudes of the wilderness. Reared from boyhood among the Indians, he acquired their skill and knowledge of the woods, but ever retained the virtues of his race. In him Cooper has wrought his highest conceptions of both Indian and Saxon character. We find the skill, the courage, the stolid indifference to danger, and the better feelings and habits of the Indian linked to the virtues of Christianity. He figures under various names, as Deerslayer, Hawkeye, Pathfinder and Leatherstocking, but he is always the same straight-forward, simple child of nature. It may almost be said of him that he is "a man without guile"—so true and simple is he in word and deed. Even the suspicious Hurons grant him a furlough on his simple word, and he returns with the prospect of worse tortures than even Regulus suffered. Brave and skillful in war, he yet maintains a Christian value of life, and never slays even the hated "Mingo" when he can avoid it. Never does he descend to the barbarous warfare of the savage, but ever prides himself on having the white man's "gifts." He is, to use his own words, "white in blood, heart, nature and gifts; though a little red-skin in feelings and habits." He has the Indian hatred of the innovations of "the stranger race," and as "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," he moves further west, avoiding the haunts of the white man. He can feel none of the joys of the "new order." The pride of Judge Temple in the progress of his settlement, meets with no responsive chord in Natty's bosom. To him all is discord in the settlements, and the stumps of prostrate trees seem like head-stones in a graveyard. But Natty is no outlaw. The lawlessness of Ishmael Bush is even more detestable to him than "the wicked feet and wasty ways" of the settlements. He hates progress not for its justice, but for its loss of independence

and its marring of nature. His strong native poetic feeling and deep religious faith go out after nature in her primitive moods. The beautiful forests and boundless prairies, the flashing rivers and lakes, all the beauties of nature, are seen as the gifts of God's providence, and in them his reverent nature reads the story of a Creator and his boundless goodness. In this phase of Leatherstocking's character lies much of his power and attraction. There is something sublime in his conception of God. It has the simplicity and grandeur of the Indian deity and none of its absurdities, and we admire this unaffected deism—this earnest striving after a God he dimly comprehended.

The climax of Natty's character is, however, reached in the "Pathfinder." There is a charm in his younger days, and a certain sublimity in the calmness of his old age and death, but the nobleness of his love surpasses them all. There is something grand in it, so pure and unselfish is it. Indeed, what is there among terrestrial things that transcends the ardent love of a strong nature? It is the tale of a noble heart beating with a love so deep and pure that it seems more than human, and the moral grandeur reached when his love is unrequited, has seldom been rivaled. We like not that idea that the light of a whole life is gone when love is vain. True love leaves men better and stronger, and the Leatherstocking was never grander than when he arose from the ashes of his dead love and went forth to duty.

Such is Natty Bumppo, and as we close the last volume we feel that we have made a friend who has not gone, as the old Indian announced at the death of the trapper, but still lives. He is one of the noblest and most original creations of fiction, and his simple life, unruffled by the baser passions of a higher civilization, has an unwonted charm for us. Phineas Fletcher seems to have had such a one in view when he says—

"His life is neither lost on boist'rous seas  
Of troublous world nor lost in slothful ease."

True, he is an ideal, but are not these ideals of fiction often more potent than their antypes? They live with us continually and are an inspiration when our souls shrink from the world.

**HOW FATHER FRANCISCO WAS TEMPTED OF  
THE DEVIL.**

A LEGEND OF SAN LOPE.

It is mid-day; hot, dusty mid-day in San Lope. The hot sun is pouring down on the white walls of the Convent of Santa Maria with a blinding glare and radiance that contrasts painfully with the cool, green shade of the convent court-yard, half visible through the iron bars of the gate-way. The hot, treeless streets are entirely deserted, save where, under some shady wall, a few loafers, with true Mexican indifference, are lazily smoking their cigarettes before composing themselves for the customary siesta. Half hidden in a nook formed by two huge pillars of the cathedral, five old crones, each with her basket of sweetmeats before her, possess their souls in patience until some unwary wayfarer chance to pass.

Look, they are saddling Pepito, Father Francisco's own palfrey. Surely, it cannot be that the good Padre is going on a journey at this time of day! Yet, such is the case, and no one regrets the fact more than Father Francisco himself. Nevertheless, the journey must be made. Father Francisco had very wisely determined the night before to begin his ride in the cool of the morning; but, alas, the flesh had been weak, and the Padre had waited, vainly hoping that some providential dispensation might yet be interposed to give him a good excuse for not going at all. He had waited now till the last possible moment; there was nothing for it but to depart at once. Father Francisco cast one last, lingering, regretful look on the cool, shady court-yard, with its soft, murmuring fountain and secluded retreats, and then, bestowing a fatherly salute on the blushing lips of pretty Anita, the porter's daughter, spurred out with a deep sigh into the dusty highway. Pepito jogged slowly along. Father Francisco tried to meditate on some abstruse the-

ological dogmas, but it was hot, and the worthy Padre insensibly relapsed into a partial state of somnolence, leaving Pepito to the guidance of his own sweet will. Suddenly Pepito stopped, and Father Francisco woke up. Where on earth had that wretched donkey carried him? Night had come on, and the Padre was completely at a loss. Right before him were the dark outlines of some building, but it looked totally unfamiliar to his eyes. What matter, something must be done. Father Francisco spurred Pepito, as a gentle reminder of his duty. But Pepito remained immovable. The Padre applied another slight correction, with no better results. Then, sad to say, the good priest, forgetting his holy calling, resorted to sundry lusty thwacks of a stout stick, accompanied by several exclamations not found in the Mexican litany. Pepito planted his legs still more firmly. Finally, after devoting with many hearty maledictions Pepito and all his ancestors to an unmentionable locality, the Padre was fain to dismount to inquire into this thing. Right in front of the donkey, and blocking up the narrow way, lay a large leather sack. Father Francisco picked it up and opened it. Ah! what was this? A square case-bottle nearly full with some unknown liquid that gurgled right merrily in the ears of thirsty Father Francisco. The Padre sighed, and seemed about to replace it in the sack. But the Father was thirsty. Why should he throw away what Providence had put in his path? There was a short struggle, and then the cork came out. There was another struggle, but much shorter this time, and then the bottle slowly, but irresistibly, approached the Padre's lips. Hardly had Father Francisco, after a prolonged pause, removed it from his mouth, than an unexpected sight made him start. The wall at his back had opened, and a strange personage, clothed in white, stood before him. Father Francisco turned to flee, but the vision, with a reassuring smile, introduced itself as St. Joseph, Father Francisco's own patron saint, and bade him to be of good cheer. According to the Father's own account, which is somewhat confused and incoherent here, St. Joseph and he spent quite some time in most familiar discourse, with frequent

recourse to the mysterious flask, which, like the widow's cruise seemed never to grow less. The Saint gave the Padre much valuable information, but, to the Father's great regret, everything had slipped his mind when he came to think it over next morning. One thing made the Father rather uneasy. He remarked, that as he crossed himself once, before reaching for the flask, St. Joseph appeared to be in great pain, and looked exceedingly annoyed. Finally, the Saint began to speak of a wonderful secret which he felt it his duty to reveal to Father Francisco. It was nothing more nor less than an immense treasure, which would be at his disposal, if he would only accompany him to get it. The good Father hesitated, fancying he saw a strange and wicked gleam in the dark eyes of St. Joseph, but for the good of the Holy Church he cautiously signified his willingness to make the trial. Leading him to the wall, the Saint pointed out what appeared to be a curiously twisted hair-rope, and requested him to pull it, when the wall would open, and the treasure be revealed. Taking a long draught from the mysterious bottle, the Padre seized the rope, and, with a fervent "In the name of all the Saints, amen," gave a hearty pull, when quick there came a sudden roar and shock and smell of brimstone, and then all was blank.

Next morning the inmates of the Convent of Santa Maria saw, with surprise, Father Francisco reclining on the ground, near the gate, a curiously shaped bottle in his hand, and apparently unconscious. Careful nursing soon brought him around, and then he was enabled to tell his wondrous story of temptation and deliverance. Certain ill-natured persons averred that the Padre had been imbibing some American whiskey, under the influence of which he had endeavored to lead Pepito around by the tail, but this is mere envy. Besides, does not Father Francisco yet preserve the mysterious bottle as a proof of his wonderful adventure?

**CATULLUS.**

There are fashions in literature as well as in dress. The favorite author of to-day is forgotten in a score of years, but his fame revives in the mouth of posterity. Catullus, in the present day, is out of fashion. Horace and Ovid have usurped more than their due share of attention in the world of letters. Yet neither of these poets can be thoroughly appreciated without an acquaintance with the works of their elder contemporary. Catullus is the last poet of the republican period of Latin literature, and forms the connecting link between this period and the Augustan age. Like Virgil and Livy, he was a native of the northern portion of the Italian peninsula. Verona was his birth-place, and there, in the fourteenth century, his works were discovered. But his life was passed at Rome. The moral and political disorganization which characterized the Italian metropolis during the closing years of the republic, may be gathered from contemporary authors. A more corrupt society never existed than that by which Rome was disgraced during the century preceding the Christian era. In the midst of this vortex of vice and scepticism, Catullus grew up and spent his life. The degraded moral tone of the age is reflected on his pages, yet his poetry is not marked by such gross immoralities as caused the banishment of Ovid. The most important facts of his life were his journey to Bithynia, during which his brother is supposed to have died, and his love for Lesbia. The death of his brother seems to have caused him heartfelt grief, and it is creditable to his nature that in an age when family ties were so loose, this brother was mourned so deeply. His grief is very touchingly expressed in the elegy to Hortalus:

“Nunquam ego te, vita frater amabilior,  
Aspiciam posthac? at certe semper amabo,  
Semper moesta tua carmina morte legam.”

The personality of Lesbia has been a subject of dispute among commentators. To her, most of Catullus' erotic poems are dedicated, and the different tones in which he addresses her on different occasions, seem to indicate a real and ruling passion. That she was as false as she was beautiful, is abundantly evident. It has been plausibly conjectured that this Lesbia of Catullus' odes was none other than the infamous Clodia, whose gallantries and alleged incest were notorious, and whose character Cicero has drawn in the blackest colors. If this conjecture be true, Catullus must have formed one of the gay circle of wits and rakes which surrounded this degenerate daughter of a noble race in the voluptuous haunts of Baiae, and which abetted her political schemes at Rome. Whoever Lesbia may have been, Catullus seems to have remained constant to her during his whole poetic career. From the odes we gather enough of her character to rank her among the most abandoned women of the age. To her faults Catullus is not blind. He reproaches her with her fickleness, resolves to desert her, and, in the next ode, breaks forth again in a tone of most enthusiastic admiration. His lamentation over her degradation, in the following short ode, is very pathetic:

“Celi, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,  
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullis umam  
Plus quam se, atque suos amavit omnes,  
Tunc in quadrivis, et angiportis,  
Glubit magnanimos Remi nepotes.”

The dedication of this ode, “Ad Cælum de Lesbia,” gives some color to the assumption that Clodia and Lesbia were the same. For Cælius, the young friend of Cicero, was a known lover of Clodia, although, in the end, his love turned to the bitterest hatred.

Catullus is associated with the poets of the republican period by his boldness and freedom. An older contemporary of Virgil and Horace, he is totally free from that spirit of adulation which breathes through all their poetry. His satire is not directed against social abuses, as is that of Horace. He imitates Lucilius in attacking prominent individuals in the state. Against Cæsar

and his creature Mamurra, he shows implacable hatred. Caesar was magnanimous enough to bear these repeated attacks of the poet, without seeking the means of redress which lay so easily within his power. Here we find the last lingering traces of the old Roman spirit of independence. To Catullus succeeded a race of poets who lived and wrote at the will of the despot. It is difficult to imagine the horror with which the courtier, Horace, would have listened to such invectives against the goddess-descended Caesar, as Catullus continually pours forth. It may be worth while to quote a translation of one of the most virulent of these satiric odes :

" No debauchees were better pair'd  
Than vile Mamurra and his lord !  
Nor can we think it strange,  
The Roman's and the Formian's name,  
With equal infamy and shame  
Deep-stampt, no time can change.

Vicious alike, one couch they press;  
A little learning both possess;  
Both rank adulterers are.  
No debauchees were better pair'd  
Than vile Mamurra and his lord !  
Twin rivals of the fair."

No English translation can give a just rendering of the original, for our language furnishes no counterparts of such epithets as " *cinaedus* " and " *pathicus*," which the poet heaps upon the objects of his hatred.

Catullus deserves special attention as being the first poet who adapted the Greek lyric metres to Latin poetry. Horace claims this honor for himself, but it fairly belongs to Catullus. The most charitable construction which we can put upon Horace's claim is, that he had reference to the use of Greek lyric rhythms in odes intended to be sung with the accompaniment of the lyre. The skill which Catullus has shown in fitting the Latin language to these complicated metres, is above praise. In this, Horace alone has surpassed him. As his independence places

him among the poets of the republic, so his metres place him among the Augustan poets. Thus is justified the statement already made, that he forms the link between the two periods. Up to his time, the only Greek metre which had been adopted to any great extent was the hexameter. This was the metre of Ennius, Lucilius, and Lucretius. The dramatic poets had also used the iambic measures, but the more complicated lyric measures of Sappho and Pindar were unknown in Latin. The Sapphic and Adonic stanza, of which Horace was so fond, and which he chose for the Carmen Saeculare, is first found among the odes of Catullus. It is almost impossible to preserve this rhythm in an English translation. Even Catullus was not quite successful in his use of it. Occasional harsh lines compare unfavorably with the uniform elegance of Horace's Sapphic stanzas. In his other metres, Catullus has succeeded better.

The most remarkable characteristic of these lyrics is their richness and true lyrical warmth. They glow with the poet's passion. A short ode to Lesbia will illustrate this quality :

Quaris, quot mihi basiationes  
Tue, Lesbia, sint satis, superque ?  
Quam magnus numerus Libyssæ arenæ  
Lacerpiciferis jacet Cyrenis,  
Oraculum Jovis inter astuosí,  
Et Batti veteris sacrum sepulerum ;  
Ant quam sidera multa, quum tacet nox,  
Furtivos hominum vident amores.  
Tam te basia multa basiare  
Vesano satis, et super Catullo est ;  
Que nec pernumerare curiosi  
Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua.

In these few lines we find the ardor of passion mingled with the most delicate fancy. The lament on the death of Lesbia's sparrow combines fancy and pathos. The power of invective which is found in these odes has been mentioned in another connection. Catullus is without Horace's grave, wise vein. He takes no broad and philosophic view of human life; he was

content to live as those about him lived. Lesbia's smile sufficed to give him happiness; her coldness was his misery. It must also be admitted that vulgarity disfigures much of his poetry. Yet, in spite of his faults, a candid judgment must assign him a high rank among lyric poets.

But Catullus was not only the first Latin lyricist: he was also the first of the Latin elegiac poets. The elegiac couplet had been used before his time, in short inscriptions and epitaphs. He first made use of it in a continuous poem. In the cultivation of this department of poetry, Catullus imitated none of the poets of ancient Greece, but took the school of Alexandria as his models. From Catullus, therefore, dates the beginning of Alexandrian influence upon Roman literature. In this wealthy capital, and on the Sicilian hillsides, the ancient fire of Greek poetry still burned, long after it had died out in Athens, its chosen habitation. With Callimachus and Theocritus, even this flickering flame was quenched. But the influence of Alexandria and Sicily on Rome was most important. To Theocritus we owe Virgil's pastorals, while the elegies of Callimachus were the models of Catullus, and, subsequently, of Ovid and Propertius. This form of poetry undoubtedly reached its highest development in the beautiful, but immoral, elegies of Ovid. Yet to Catullus belongs the honor of being the first to discover the fitness of the elegiac metre to the Latin language, and of introducing one of the few forms of poetry in which the Romans excelled their Greek masters. The following lines on a well-worn theme, "The Inconstancy of Female Affection," may serve as an example of the elegiac rhythm:

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle,  
Quam mihi; non si se Jupiter ipse petat,  
Dicit; sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,  
In vento, et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

Catullus being thus the pioneer in Latin lyrical and elegiac poetry, it is easy to understand how important a place he occupies in the history of Roman literature, and so in the history of

European civilization ; for there has been no more powerful instrumentality in the struggle of Europe with barbarism than the literature of Rome. But, independently of his historical importance, the intrinsic merits of Catullus' poetry entitle him to a place in the attention of every scholar.

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### THE NATIONAL ELEMENT IN POETRY.

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It would be strange, indeed, if an art whose birth was coeval with that of nations, should contain within itself no traces of the great forces then at work. When first the heavenly muse inspired Chios' bard to sing "The Destructive Wrath of Peleus' Son," patriotism was the ruling power ; it is for this reason that nationality, the chief form under which patriotism displays itself, occupies such an important place in that poet's song. To the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, to be a Greek was to be a man in the only true sense of the word ; and, therefore, no doubt is left in the mind of the reader as to the poet's right to that proud title ; in other words, Homer impressed his nationality upon his work. So it has been with all nations—even the smallest and most humble ; their first poetry, if they have had any, has been marked as distinctively their own.

When a people begin to assert their right to be known and recognized as a nation, separate and distinct from all others, the feeling uppermost in every heart is a desire to prove how worthy they are of this great honor. To this desire all else is made subservient ; the poet must turn his pen, the artist his brush, the orator his voice, to the accomplishment of this one all-important end. In so doing, it is most natural that they should strive to give their works a tone peculiar to themselves ; a something to distinguish them from other nations. Nor does it end here. When firmly established in position, this

national distinction is not thrown aside ; what was before a flag of defiance, an announcement to the world that a new competitor for its honors had entered the arena, now becomes a valued trophy, a memorial of the hardly-won victories with which it is inseparably connected. He who has borne his country's flag to the cannon's mouth, will not trail it in the dust when the rampart is won. To this cause more than to any other, probably, is due the strong tinge of nationality running through almost all poetry.

But there is another influence tending strongly in this direction, which must not be forgotten. So far as has yet been considered, the appearance of nationality in poetry is due to the poets themselves, is a purely voluntary act on their part; this new element is one that acts without volition of the poets, and even withstands long-continued repression. The effects of climate and surroundings upon poetry are too well known to need restatement. The Ionian hills and vales, where the divine art was nourished into life, have a poetry peculiarly their own.

He who would reproduce Anacreon's melodious songs, must live where lived that priest of love, and breathe the balmy air of the Grecian isles until imbued with the same spirit that animated his great exemplar. The Italian sonnet, with its recollections of Tasso and Petrarch, the French trouvère and troubadour songs, the German *volkslied*,—all are inimitable in their way, and bear indelibly stamped upon them the marks of their respective nationalities.

These, then, are some of the reasons for the presence of this element in poetry to so great an extent ; so long as they continue to influence poetry, so long will a strong national spirit pervade it. But it must be patent to all that this spirit has been declining during the past century, and, therefore, we are compelled to infer that some of the reasons for its existence must be losing force. A slight examination shows such to be the case. Advancing civilization is leading the nations of the world to cosmopolitanism, by tearing down from between them the barriers of peculiar customs and institutions. Each is eager to an-

ticipate all others in adopting every new discovery and invention, no matter whence it come, that seems a step in the line of progress. When the time comes, to which present events seem to point, that the "ranz des vaches" can no longer sway with resistless power the Switzer's soul; when the German heart no more responds to the call of Fatherland; when there shall be an American

"Who never to himself hath said,—  
This is my own, my native land,"

at mention of Columbia's proud name; or when, to the Briton, Scotia's hills and England's grassy downs have lost the charms that they now have for all Britannia's sons; then will national poetry have bidden farewell to earth.

However, did poetry only keep pace with this gradual obliteration of national lines, many a year would pass ere the change in the art became noticeable; but such is not the case. Regarding the ultimate perfect brotherhood of all branches of the human family as most desirable, and not satisfied with the slow progress of nations towards this point, many poets have pushed on ahead, seemingly with the idea of thus urging Nature to proceed at a faster gait. That their efforts have not been successful, is a cause for rejoicing. There can be little doubt that some of the best poetry, not only in our own, but in other languages also, is due to the presence of this very element of nationality. Deprive the poet of the power to introduce his race peculiarities into his poems, and you have robbed Germany of her Hermann and Dorothea, Faust, Wallenstein, and Wilhelm Tell; England must lose the works of Scott, Spenser, Shakespeare, and a host of others of scarcely less importance; Spain would have no Lusiad; France, no Misanthrope; Italy, no Divine Comedy. It is little wonder that you shrink back from the thought, but there is no escape from the conclusion.

Why, then, is it that the national element in poetry forms such a valuable part of it? The question is not an easy one to answer, but a few reasons present themselves to mind which

may help to account for the fact, and, in so doing, show to how great an extent poetry should be distinguished by nationality.

The most obvious one is, that patriotism is one of the most exalted sentiments ever celebrated in verse, and can but elevate that of which it forms a part. Scott is seen at his best in the passages inspired by this holy feeling.

"O Caledonia, stern and wild !  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !"

expresses his heartfelt emotions, and their spontaneous outpourings have given birth to some of the truest poetry indited by his hand. Tennyson, too, is thought by many to have reached the highest point of his art in the "Idylls of the King." Mention of our own countrymen opens a field too wide for even a hasty glance. Longfellow's reputation would suffer sadly by the loss of "Hiawatha" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish;" nor would Bryant and Whittier fare much better, were all the patriotism eliminated from their poems. Therefore, since, as has been stated before, patriotism is so intimately connected with those characteristics of a poem, which are called its nationality, as to be scarcely capable of expression without them, in order to have the elevating influence of the one, we must have also the distinguishing marks of the other.

Again, nationality enriches poetry by presenting for consideration many different sides of questions which would otherwise probably escape attention. As an illustration of this, may be taken the varied feelings with which the Rhine is viewed by different nations. The German regards the river with a feeling of respect and veneration entirely unknown to others; to him it embodies much that is sacred; it is the guardian of his country. Such Goethe thought it, and well has he embodied the idea in that noble speech of the landlord that concludes Canto First of Hermann and Dorothea. The Frenchman, on the other hand, casts his eye upon the majestic river, and immediately thoughts of Johannisberger float through his mind; to him the Rhine is

inseparably connected with vineyards and the vine. This illustrates, though feebly, the idea intended to be shadowed forth above.

But it is useless to multiply instances ; what has been already said shows both the extent of the influence of nationality upon poetry, and the beneficial character of this influence. The day that witnesses the final, complete destruction of the national element in poetry, will behold the creation of a blank in the art which nothing else can fill.

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## VOICES.

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SHOULD AUTHORS receive the same treatment by the world at large as their fellow men ? Should their work receive exactly the same consideration as that, say, of the lawyer or physician ? Should their merit be estimated by their actual success ? That depends upon whether literature is a distinct profession. Mr. Thackeray thought such to be the case ; and he would have answered those questions in the affirmative. In that view, the opinion of the world actually accords to authors exactly their due, as in the case of merchants or artists. But, on the other hand, many consider the cause of letters degraded when they are followed as a mere trade. The elder Disraeli so believed. According to this opinion, literary genius transcends in quality those gifts that are shaped or directed by mere arbitrary influences. It naturally refuses, therefore, to be measured or estimated by ordinary practical standards. Thus it moves above the spirit of the *ότι πολλοί*. It proceeds, not by rule, but as its own inspiration directs. It is the poetic frenzy of which Plato speaks ; and is often misunderstood. If this view be correct, the possible inappreciation of a large class who are beneath the author himself in caste and judgment, is a real calamity to all concerned. Which *is* the right view ?

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ANXIOUSLY, vainly, has '82 been watching the horizon for the past year. Rumor, with her "hundred tongues," has been busily informing us that our chains are to be broken, that the trustees will relent; but the desired release has not yet been granted; and having so patiently and so long kept silence, we are obliged once more to raise the sad refrain, "Let us sell our rooms." Those who bought rooms after the passage of the prohibitory room-selling law, did so at their own risk, and with full knowledge of the circumstances. There is for them no just way of escape. But we, like '81, had bought our rooms before that law was dreamed of. We have a righteous claim, which should not be overlooked, for under the authority and permission of our College officers did we purchase our rooms; and they were well aware that it was largely because we relied upon disposing of them in like manner at the end of our course, that we did so. It hardly seems just that a whole class should be inconvenienced, and in fact made to suffer loss to a greater or less degree by the passage of an *ex post facto* law,—for, in reality, it is nothing more nor less than that, since it robs us of advantages which pre-existing arrangements of our Faculty not only offered to us, but encouraged us to accept. '81 had some strong friends in that august assembly of trustees, by whose timely efforts this obnoxious law was, in their case, revoked. Have they not a blessing, also, for '82? May we not, likewise, be favored? For we assure you, gentlemen, that our claim to similar treatment is based on similar grounds, and has as solid a foundation of right and justice, and involves as large a pecuniary interest, as did that of our more fortunate predecessors.

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No portion of the globe can be mentioned where the ordinary civilized being feels more desolate than in New Mexico and Arizona. In these territories this separation from civilization seems more complete than among the hills of the Lybian desert.

In fact, there is much in the external aspect of New Mexico to remind one of the countries of the east. In the more sterile portions of the territory the landscape presents a simple succession of low, conical hills, destitute of all vegetation, except a few stunted evergreens, which, scattered at intervals over the white, sandy soil, give a most curious, mottled appearance to the country. In other districts the mountains are more ragged, and are broken into various fantastic forms. Passing through these regions it sometimes requires no stretch of the imagination to see a large city upon the side of an opposite range of mountains, with lofty edifices and well-built streets. There is something peculiarly eastern in these landscapes, and one is strongly reminded of Syria and the Egyptian deserts. The Mexican villages also are thoroughly eastern in their appearance. The one-story adobe huts, the sleepy donkeys, the half-naked children, all carry one back to the Nile valley. The adobe huts, however, are far from uncomfortable within. The house of a wealthy ranchero of New Mexico is well adapted to the climate in which he lives, and the life of the master is an easy one. His flocks and herds graze over miles of the surrounding country, and find in the stunted grass of the plain more nourishment than our cattle obtain from the best hay. Yet the possessor of these thousands of cattle is content to use condensed milk, and butter is an almost unknown luxury. In fact, the whole table of the Mexican is most uninviting to the civilized palate. The cookery has a flavor which can be appreciated only by the natives. But the most interesting objects in these villages are the old churches, built of adobe, and sometimes dating back to the first appearance of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. The rude attempts at ornamentation, the curious old pictures, the uncouth images of the saints, all show a superstition which, although lamentable, yet has a childlike simplicity which is charming. What the territory may become in the future can hardly be predicted, for, as Humboldt remarked, its mountains are treasure-houses. But at present it is, of all places, the most dreary.

WHAT a rush for "plug hats!" Plug hats of all shapes and sizes, long and short, wide and narrow. And on what a variety of men! Giants and "sawed-offs," individuals spherical and linear. There is a peculiar individuality to some of those hats, too. There is one that looks very uncomfortable—cat-in-a-strange-garret-like appearance. It wishes it had stayed up in the room, yet it couldn't have been hired to do so for any consideration. It hasn't quite decided whether it looks a little foolish or a trifle wise, perched up there in such a conspicuous position, and anxiously watches the effect with a —, well, we wouldn't say sheepish air—that is, perhaps, a shade too strong. Here is another that is evidently afraid it will fall off, while its dashy neighbor just behind, determined to show no such unmanly anxiety, puts it to shame by its feats of daring. It sits jauntily on one side, utterly unconcerned about the reckless manner and studied carelessness with which the head, arms and shoulders beneath it are thrown about. And why not? Wasn't its pedestal born with a "plug?" It's used to this sort of thing; wore 'em when it was a baby. Oh, it's nothing new; wouldn't look so natural if it was. But just look at this phenomenon! There goes a "plug" bobbing up and down the walk, with no visible means of locomotion—a regular beetle-under-the-pepper-box trick. Where is the motive power, the vital principle, the impulse that drives the thing? Well, don't "plug hats" look well enough? What's the harm, after all, in wearing them? None, except that all such customs tend to strengthen and increase that effeminate affection for style, that important dandyism, which is so prone to attack the average collegian, in more or less aggravated form—in fact, is "man's chief end" to some—and which is a paralytic stroke to all vigorous thinking and manly sport. Compare a class "group" of to-day with one of ten years ago. There are far more unstylish hats and rough-looking clothes in the older picture, very few fancy cutaways, or pretty boys with hair gracefully parted in the middle, and caps thrown back to show their nice bangs; for which individuals the only rational explanation that can be offered is, that they pre-

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pared for College in some sentimental female seminary. Those were the days when Princeton could take and keep the foot-ball championship, without having to rest her claims on past records, and when she could easily hold her own at Mott Haven. We don't say that each one in the "stove pipe" regiment is a dandy or non-polter. "Not by no means," gentlemen. Still, no one will claim that those articles are worn simply for good looks. The fundamental idea in them is style, and a supposed dignity unattainable by other ordinary means—though where the peculiar dignity of a Sophomore in a "stove pipe" lies, it is hard to see; and, therefore, their whole influence tends in the wrong direction, against a sensible, vigorous College training. The time was—and is yet—when men could graduate from Princeton without a fortune at their backs. But present customs are fast overthrowing grand old precedents, and our "yearly average expenditures" are steadily approaching the extravagant bounds at Harvard and Yale. Can not an institution that is liberally endowed, rise to high eminence in our land without becoming more and more exclusively aristocratic?



TELL me, if you will, that we cannot write poetry and are not acquainted with even the rudimentary principles of sculpture and architecture, but do not go so far as to say that our fathers knew more about novel-writing than does the present generation. I met just such an old fogey some time ago, and the very first book I picked up after leaving him refuted his argument in one important particular, at least. He prated learnedly of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne, talked of the pathos of "Clarissa Harlowe," and the exquisite humor of "Tom Jones," "Rod-erick Random" and "Tristram Shandy," and all the while was blissfully unconscious that even the faintest conception of a connected plot had dawned upon scarcely one of his worthies. The veriest tyro in literature knows that, with the possible ex-

ception of Fielding, the novelists prior to the middle of the eighteenth century gave us, so far as plot is concerned, little more than panoramas of brilliant pictures related to each other only by the fact that the same hero figures in each of any particular series.

Then came a mighty reaction : Anne Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho" burst upon the world, and plainly showed that such genius as conceived "The Jew of Malta" still existed. This book, and Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," which soon followed, opened the way for a long line of novels, reveling in the most grotesque and horrible complications imaginable. Secret chambers, hidden traps, ghostly apparitions, and all the paraphernalia of dark and hideous mystery, were called to aid : behold the grand result ; a plot—who can deny it—but little else.

The two extremes have been reached ; where is the happy mean ? We find it in the little book referred to at first, and in all of the large class of which it is a good representative. In "Aunt Serena," a new novel of the "One Summer" type, there is a simple, yet good plot, but the author by no means depends upon it for holding the reader's attention ; instead of prolonging the agony until the very end, she gives a hint, when not more than half through, of the *denouement*. Notwithstanding this, the book is one of the most interesting I have read for a long time.

What this has to do with the subject will be incomprehensible to you, if you are all as thick-headed as the venerable growler aforementioned ; otherwise, you may infer that one great point, in which modern novelists are superior to their predecessors, is their ability to maintain a simple, though logically connected plot, without sacrificing literary merit, or departing from the naturalness of every-day life.

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THE examinations so lately passed, have suggested some thoughts as to the advantage or disadvantage, of compressing

all examinations into the space of a week, or at most, ten days. Almost all the more prominent Colleges of the country have abandoned this plan as impracticable. Princeton stands almost alone in her practice. There is a rule at Harvard, which provides for the intervention of a day between every two examinations. At Yale, examinations can occur only at intervals of two and a half days, while here, at Princeton, it was the writer's fortune to have ten examinations in ten consecutive days. Any one who will look at this with an unbiased mind, must acknowledge that such a system is prejudicial to the best results. Every Professor knows the advantage of a mid-term, or first examination. No man can maintain a constant degree of excellence, while under such a strain. The best men are reduced to the necessity of staying up the whole of one or two nights, in such a period. If any one outside of the members of this College could have seen the number of lights, and known whose lights they were, still burning at five, six, or even seven o'clock, only going out at day-light, they would have been astounded.

Whoever will take the trouble to examine into the working of the present system, will see that a reform is sadly needed.



In the address of the President at the opening of the present session, it was hinted that some thought was entertained by the guardians of the College, of associating the students with the Faculty in the administration of College discipline. The plan has already been tried in one American College, but of its success we are not thoroughly informed. Yet it is clear that any system which recognizes the sentiments and convictions of the undergraduates, and allows them some consideration in matters of discipline, must have an excellent moral effect upon the students. The great complaint of students is, that those who are placed over them, do not, and cannot, appreciate their

feelings. Consequently, a general disrespect for laws arises, and is fostered by this supposed lack of sympathy between instructors and students. If young men can once be made to feel that any particular course is condemned by their own associates, they are not only willing to renounce it, but suffer punishment for it without rebellion. If, therefore, some plan could be devised by which the students would have a voice in the framing and application of College laws, a great advance would be made upon our present system. But such a plan is by no means easy to hit upon. It is difficult to conceive any method by which a proper distribution of disciplinary power between the Faculty and students could be attained. An ordinary committee, composed of undergraduates, might be advantageous. But, surely, between *The Princetonian* and LIT., the Faculty secures large quantities of the best advice. There is no doubt that these magazines give an accurate expression of the sentiments of the College at large, and they certainly are not backward in expressing their sentiments. We therefore leave this problem to our readers. If some feasible plan could be suggested, much good might be done. In the meantime, since the Faculty show themselves open to suggestions on the subject of discipline, we have one to make. Would it not be better if the Faculty should make no attempt to enforce what we have learned to call duties of imperfect obligation. There are certain things which it would be well if students could be restrained from. But since it is impossible for the Faculty thus to restrain them, it would heighten the respect for law if this impotence were acknowledged, and discipline confined to the limits within which it can be effective. The first step towards better College discipline should be a thorough revision and expurgation of the College laws. This, however, we fear we shall never see; yet it may take place in the dim future, when the grading system, compulsory attendance on Chapel, and other relics of a barbarous age, shall have been abolished.

## EDITORIALS.

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CLAIMING, as the LIT. has always done, the right to a full and free statement of student grievances, it is also willing to make amends when the exercise of this right leads to unjust treatment of the higher powers. We, therefore, gladly publish the reasons for the temporary discontinuance of the Maclean Prize.

The fact may not be generally known that this prize was instituted by Henry A. Stinnecke, who bequeathed to the College a sum of money to be devoted to the maintenance of the Maclean Prize and the Stinnecke Scholarship. At first the income from the legacy was sufficient to meet the yearly demand for \$600; but the recent lowering of the interest rate has materially lessened the value of the fund. At present, the legacy yields more than enough interest to support the Maclean, but not enough for both; hence, in accordance with the provisions of the will, neither can be given. Unfortunate as this is, there seems no remedy except by a special gift from some other source to make up for the loss. Such a gift we earnestly hope to have the pleasure of recording, for it must be evident now that, so long as we trust to the Stinnecke legacy, the Maclean Prize can be given, at best, not oftener than once in three or four years.

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THE story has been told of numbers of great men that their memories were so retentive as to lose nothing that was ever committed to them, and in consequence these men have sometimes been unable to distinguish between their own thoughts and those of others, as read by them. As an explanation of the apparent plagiarisms of Byron, and a few others, perhaps we should believe this; but charity's mantle is not ample enough to thus enfold the majority of modern College students. To be more

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explicit, when the writer of a critical essay upon some poet, for example, not only makes legitimate reference to a well-known criticism of the same poet, but also constantly uses, without giving credit for them, the best ideas of that critic, scarce taking the trouble even to clothe them in different words; when, furthermore, the same citations from other authorities are made that appeared in the original criticism, and even the same quotations from the poet's works; when such a case as this meets our notice, we naturally infer that the author of the essay before us has forgotten, as the Schoolmen would say, the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. Unfortunately, the case in question is not hypothetical; just such essays as that mentioned have been contributed to the LIT. by men anxious to gain reputations for literary ability and originality. In some instances, we regret to say, these essays have been published through lack of acquaintance, on our part, with the authors so freely quoted. In our opinion, writing of this class is not indicative of great merit, nor is it our intention to encourage it; we therefore request those who have any thought of writing for our pages to give us of their own stores, and not of those already accumulated in the library.

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IF there is any one thing which is calculated to create an interest among the students in philosophy and philosophical discussions, it is the library meetings of the President. We wish to ask that they may be continued, and, if possible, made more frequent. It is to be feared that, except among the members of a limited circle, philosophy does not receive the attention in Princeton which it should receive. There are many branches of the science in which it is hardly possible for the undergraduates to obtain competent instruction. Dr. Marquand's series of lectures on Modern Logic, during the term just concluded, has been a most valuable addition to the philosophical course open to our

students. But, in order that such lectures shall be thoroughly appreciated, the attention of undergraduates must be called to philosophical studies. Nothing is more conducive to this end than such open discussions as have arisen out of the papers read at the last two library meetings. In fact, these are almost the only means by which any progress can be made in original philosophic thought. While the prominent members of the Faculty are continually publishing, the younger philosophers must sit in silence, without any vent for their views.

The library meetings afford just such a vent as is needed. Here original views on all the stirring topics of the day are brought forward and criticised, and each thinker has the opportunity of stating freely his positions. The liberty of discussion which is allowed in these meetings must be highly gratifying to all friends of free thought. Princeton has a reputation for impregnable philosophic orthodoxy. In a high and true sense she is orthodox, but not in the sense that every student within her walls is expected to hold a fixed creed which has been previously settled for him by the fathers of intuitional philosophy and of the Presbyterian Church. That such is not the case is abundantly proven by the diversity of opinions expressed at the recent library meetings. We rejoice at the loosing of our intellectual fetters, and hope that the merciful work may be carried on still further.

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THERE is one condition attached to the more important Fellowships which seems to call for a word of explanation. It is stated in the catalogue that every student to whom is awarded one of the \$600 Fellowships "must reside in Princeton, . . . unless by a vote of the Faculty he be allowed to study in some approved foreign University." This requirement would embody no injustice, if Princeton could offer to all Fellows advantages in their particular lines of study superior to those which can be obtained at any other American institution. But such is not the case. Looking over the subjects of the \$600

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Fellowships, we find certainly one subject, possibly more, which could be pursued to far greater advantage at the Johns Hopkins University than in our own College. It frequently happens that the circumstances of a student are such that, even if the special vote of the Faculty be passed in his favor, it is impossible for him to study in a foreign institution. In that case, the Fellow in Mathematics must remain at Princeton, while within two hundred miles he might enjoy the instruction of one of the foremost mathematicians of the world. The case becomes peculiarly strong when it is remembered that during the present winter both Sylvester and Cayley are lecturing in Baltimore. Other courses of study beside mathematics might be more profitably pursued there than in Princeton, while, in some branches, Harvard offers superior advantages. In view of these facts, it seems strange that the Fellows should be thus restricted, and some explanation would be very acceptable. It is obviously to the advantage of Princeton that her sons should continue within her walls; but it certainly would not be to her advantage if it were generally known that her rules seriously hamper the studies of her most honored graduates.

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WE regret to announce that with this number Mr. Denby's connection with the L.I.T. ceases. Finding himself unable to properly perform his duties as Business Manager of the Glee Club and Treasurer of the L.I.T., he has been obliged to resign the latter office. Since the duties of this position are more nearly completed than those of the former, and their assumption by another proportionately less difficult, Mr. Denby's decision is probably wise.

In consideration of the short time remaining before the end of the year, we have decided not to elect a successor to the office; Mr. Sutphen will act as Treasurer, receiving subscriptions and attending to all business devolving upon that officer.

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## OLLA-PODRIDA.

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**DECEMBER 3D**—Inter-collegiate Base-ball Convention held at Springfield Mass. Delegates from Princeton, O. Rafferty and B. G. Winton. The championship pennant for 1881 was formally awarded to Yale.

**DECEMBER 8TH**—Fall concert of the Glee and Instrumental Clubs, held in gymnasium.

**DECEMBER 10TH**—Winter examinations begin.....Second Chapel Stage speaking.....Foot-ball: '84 vs. Chester Military Academy; score, 4 goals, 4 touch-downs to 0; other results of this game mentioned elsewhere.

**DECEMBER 21ST**—Examinations end; term closes for Christmas recess.

**JANUARY 3D**—105th anniversary of the battle of Princeton.....January 4th, second term opens.

**JANUARY 7TH**—Run of hare and hounds club; Leute, '84, first.

**JANUARY 9TH**—Second Philosophical Library meeting; paper read by Mr. F. Speir, '77, on "Relation of Pascal to Agnosticism."

'34, BENJ. HARRIS BREWSTER appointed Attorney-General.

'77, POTTER married December 29th.

'78, MATTHEWS married December 28th.

'81, "BILLIE" ROBERTS in American Exchange Bank, N. Y.

'81, DOC SCHMIDT reading law, York, Pa.

'81, GROVE in town recently; reported engaged.

'82, W. SCUDDER engaged. Next!

THE Attorney-General of the State, and five out of seven of the Supreme Judges of New Jersey, are graduates of Princeton. Attorney-General Stockton, '43; Judges Parker, '39, Scudder, '41, Depue and Van Syckel, '46, Magie, '52.

THE new Secretary of State, Frelinghuysen, is a graduate of Rutgers.

THE Professor in one of our eastern Colleges, whose over-sensitive "Greek consciousness" impelled him to change his baptismal name, Solomon Shull, to a more euphonious one having the same initials, would, probably, nowadays be charged with aestheticism.

THE following obituary notice appeared in a late paper: "At —, N. J. Mrs. Mary Ann —. She weighed 425 pounds, and for years had to sleep in a chair on account of asthma."

THE SOPHS received a Christmas present from a favorite Professor of theirs, in the shape of an examination paper, headed "Freshman Class."

A TEAM of Princeton, Amherst and other College men played a game of foot-ball at Washington, D. C., during the holidays, with the deaf-mute College there. The picked team was victorious.

THE '84 men who went to Chester, Pa., to play foot-ball, without permission of the powers that be, have been disciplined. One member of the team had his collar-bone broken. The moral will be found in the Sunday-school books, which Mark Twain speaks of so affectionately.

THE senior electives in Paleontology and Biology have had their examination deferred till February.

SCHOOLMISTRESS.—"What is the dative of *donum*? What? Next?"

Dunce—"Do no."

S. M.—"Correct; go to the head."

DERIVATION of the word "restaurant."—"Res," things, and "taurus," bull. "Bully things."—*Ex.*

STUDENT, translating.—"*Instruxi triplicem aciem*—he drew three aces."

THE Faculty at Williams have decided not to allow the Nine to join the League.

THE highest of German orders, *pour le mérite*, vacant by the death of Thomas Carlyle, has been bestowed by the Emperor upon Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale, in recognition of his services to the study of Philology.

THE salaries of the Professors at Cornell have been raised \$250.—*Ex.*

"DR. WILLIAM PEPPER, lately elected President of Pennsylvania University, is the youngest College President in the United States, being only thirty-eight."—*Yale News*.

"THE President of Des Moines University is from the class of 1880, Madison University."—*Ex.*

"WHEN a journal from one of the smaller Colleges really publishes anything worthy of commendation, we shall fearlessly say so. The following is from the *Harvard Advocate*."—*Kansas Review*.

A PRINCETON man, on being questioned about his team Thanksgiving day, responded, "We have not a very heavy team, but we rely upon its brains to win the game." Considering the number of times Peace stood upon his head we should think it did.—*Courant*.

THE students of an Indiana College—(beg pardon, we mean University,)—having been forbidden to organize a chapter of a certain secret society, carried the matter to the courts. The suit has been decided against the students.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY is to have a new museum, which will cost \$60,000. It is said a new library is shortly to be erected.

OHIO has just the same number of *Universities* as France and Germany together.

AN exchange states that dancing is taught at Bowdoin.

EXCUSES for sickness at Yale must be accompanied by a doctor's certificate.—*Ex.*

THE Yale Glee Club have been making a tour in the West during Christmas recess.

SIX cuts per session are now allowed at Yale, provided that there shall not be two consecutive absences from the same study.

AN exchange suggests that College authorities allow an editorship on a College paper to count as an elective. There is, at least, food for thought in the idea.

THE Yale *Lit.* editors are elected at the beginning of second term.

IT is suggested that prices of class albums be obtained from some New York manufacturers. Here is a chance for W. and K. to emulate "Bonner's" enterprise. A serviceable album to hold, say fifty pictures, (as large as most would wish,) could be obtained at far lower figures than Pach's.

LOST, from the campus, a number of Freshmen. It is said the College, or some other authorities, have become so anxious about them that detectives have been employed to find them.

FRESHMAN, looking over Yale catalogue, reads—"‘Seniors—Porter, twice a week.’" “What! is not this a temperance College?”—*Ex.* Oh, M'Gosh.

PROF.—(Placidly producing the brains of a couple of sheep)—“I have been fortunate enough to secure some brains for the class.” Class ??!!

A VASSAR GIRL keeps an autograph album exclusively for the signatures of her gentlemen friends, and calls it her “him book.”

PACH has been elected class photographer at Harvard and Amherst.

JOY reigns among the “eager youths” of the biological department, otherwise known as Assistant Professors in Natural Science. A graduate student has, at last, been captured. If the two pages of the catalogue which are devoted to the regulations of the “Graduate Course in Biology,” apply in their entirety to this luckless individual, his position is truly appalling.

In accents stern the teacher cried,  
 "The feminine for monk! Canst tell me?"  
 In trembling tones the Prep. replied,  
 "Don't know, but think 'tis monkey!"—*Lasell Leaves*.

"Tis wrong! The next! Now use your head;  
 What good has all your study done?"  
 With boldest tones the next Prep. said,  
 "Don't know, but think that there is nun."

STUDENT, translating, "*Romani bonas leges habuerunt:*" The Romans had bony legs.

So far as can be ascertained, those intending to compete for the Fellowships and prizes, are as follows: *Mental Science Fellowship*—Prebles; *Experimental Science Fellowship*—Crew, Day; *Mathematical Fellowship*—Hibben, West; *Ward Fellowship*—Sherwood, Root, Hurin, Critchlow, Moore, '81, P. G.; *Historical Fellowship*—Chetwood, Greene, Martin, Westervelt; *Modern Language Fellowship*—B. Harris, Milford, G. Taylor, Woodruff; *English Literature Prize*—R. Hallock, W. Scudder, Warfield; *Science and Religion Prize*—McWilliams, Potter. The honor at least of the *Classical Fellowship* will probably be awarded. There is some prospect of the money also being given. Pierson is the only competitor.

WHAT can you infer mediately or immediately from the following? It is rumored that the great "Undistributed Middle" has been converted by bArbArA. We think that this is the name of the rare and radiant maiden, and that the syllogism will soon be completed and declared valid.

What time the billows of the fierce Atlantic  
 Are highest piled,  
 Descends upon us, beautiful and frantie,  
 King of the realms of bric-a-brac, the antic  
 Young Oscar Wilde.

Unshorn his whispy locks, his visage hollow,  
 But skim-milk mjild:  
 The beauty of the Belvidere Apollo,  
 The artlessness of Jacob Abbott's Rollo,  
 Hath Oscar Wilde.

He sleeps upon a clay bed, strewn with moly,  
 Unique, unriled.  
 He scorns the rations of the herd unholy;  
 On honey-dew and milk and rolypoly  
 Feeds Oscar Wilde.

He holdeth sweet discourse in English pristine  
 And undefiled,  
 Of Satsuma and Sevres and the Sistine:  
 The florists love him, but the smug Philistine  
 Hates Oscar Wilde.

Bereft of Burne-Jones, from his native arbors,  
 Remote, exiled,  
 Him now our too-barbaric Gotham harbors;  
 The loved of ladies, but the loathed of barbers,  
 Bold Oscar Wilde.

High is his art (and price) : he wears his collar  
 Like Byron's Childe ;  
 In love and letters he's a clever scholar ;  
 Yet I'm afraid I can't afford a dollar  
 For Oscar Wilde.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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## COLLEGE GOSSIP.

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THE *New York Sun* has got itself into hot water. Not content with attempting to describe a Yale foot-ball game from a purely humanitarian standpoint, it has actually had the audacity to criticise some of the *Acta's* poetry. The *Acta* and *Courant* have consequently joined hands, slapped on the whitewash, and sworn a solemn oath to have revenge on the insolent hirelings of the press. The *Acta's* mud-slinging machine has been oiled up, and put into active operation ; the fighting editor has been taken out of pawn, and "razors flying in the air" may be confidently looked for. So, at last, the *Acta* and *Courant* have something to agree over. This is a pleasant surprise to most people, but, possibly, the *New York Sun* thinks otherwise. But what would you? You can't expect that the two highest-toned and most unutterably utter journals of the College press could allow any low-priced sheet like the *New York Sun* to make such infernally truthful remarks with impunity.

The Seminary of our Lady of Angels has just celebrated its silver wedding. Great rejoicing, speech-making and general jubilee reported. No casualties.

An annual series of track athletics between Yale and Harvard is talked of. Harvard made the proposition, and Yale seems in favor of the scheme ; probably, because, as one of her papers modestly remarks, "We are pretty sure of taking eight out of the ten events to be contested for." We have no doubt that this is so, and then, dear Yale, you know you can claim a good share even if fortune should, contrary to all reasonable expectation, smile on the crimson.

The Chinese students at Yale have been ordered home by their government. Immediately on their arrival in China, they were locked up in an empty temple, and have been kept in "durance vile" ever since. The acute Celestials had probably been reading the *New York Sun*, and only acted in self-defence. Seriously, though, the action of the Chinese authorities must

be regarded as exceedingly despotic and illiberal. The Chinese students at Yale and Harvard were, from all accounts, bright, intelligent fellows, fully up to the standard of their American *confrères*. We should like to quote the familiar passage, beginning—"The Salutatorian at Yale last year," at this juncture, but we forbear. Public opinion is too strong, even for the Gossip.

The University of Pennsylvania is playing a game of chess by mail, with the Williams College Club. We are sorry we don't know enough about the game to inform our anxious readers how the exciting struggle is progressing, but all appears to be going on smoothly. Why couldn't foot-ball games be fought on postal cards? Under the present rules, the games are contested for two hours or so at the polo grounds, and then fought over again for two months or more through the College papers. We commend this humble suggestion to the notice of our next foot-ball convention.

"How are the mighty fallen!" Oberlin. Yes, Oberlin has gone astray into paths of iniquity.

A few totally depraved and abandoned Freshmen, with no fear of God, man or the laws of the State of Ohio before their eyes, had a grand go-as-you-please racket Hallowe'en. Gate-snatching, sign-ragging and divers other abominations of a wicked and corrupt generation, were the amusements of the evening. The *Review* comes to us clothed in sackcloth and ashes, and filled with holy indignation at the wicked deeds of these sons of Belial. It is pleasant to turn from this painful scene to the pleasant valleys and peaceful walks of Notre Dame University. We were pleased to see upon the "Roll of Honor for politeness, neatness, amiability and correct deportment," the names of so many noble and promising young men. At this moral institution students must obtain leave to visit the village, all letters are opened and inspected by the Rector before their owners are allowed to read them, and the use of tobacco is strictly forbidden. Some students are allowed an occasional cigar on a written request from their parents to that effect, but such misguided youths are regarded as "toughs," and their names cannot appear on the "Roll of Honor." We rejoice to think that under the guidance of our revered Faculty, we, too, are gradually approaching the lofty and ennobling standard of Notre Dame. No longer is the click of the sinful billiard ball heard in the land, and the fascinating but enticing tennis-racquet has gone into obscurity—till spring.

The *Yale News* kindly informs us that "Dr. McCosh intends to prohibit the Princeton students from being on the streets late at night."

We won't nail this as a lie just yet, for who knows what may happen? Oh! we'll be with you some day, dear Notre Dame, but the Gossip confidently predicts that that day will have to get up pretty early in the morning, and it won't be a day in the summer season, either.

The Amherst students, with all their privileges, are complaining of over-work and compulsory church-attendance. There's no satisfying some men, especially those just out of boarding-school. Why don't they ask for a ballet performance, and a free lunch every day, instead of recitations? We shouldn't think the Faculty of Amherst would stick at a little thing like that.

Senior Class-Day elections have been held at most of our sister Colleges, and in most cases have passed off very pleasantly. At Harvard, though, considerable dissatisfaction is felt over the Marshals. The office of Chief Marshal has been held for many years by a member of one of the two influential Senior societies, and the societies have generally elected one of the other five Marshals. Last year all the Marshals belonged to these two secret societies, while this year they only succeeded in electing one out of the three. The Faculty are opposed to Class-Day, as detracting from the interest of Commencement, and it is feared it will have to be given up.

Vassar has had a "Theatre Party." We don't know exactly what a "Theatre Party" is, but it sounds nice, and the girls said it was too awfully sweet for anything, so we suppose it was all right. '82 were the actors, and '83 and '84 were the audience. No mention is made of '85. This was cruel. They might have been allowed, we should think, to sell tickets or act as ushers. As it was, we presume they hung around till all the tickets were given out, and then retired to burst into tears and chew the bitter gum of reflection for the rest of the evening. Of course this was distinctively a semi-nine "Theatre Party." But this little difficulty was easily got over. Half of the young ladies, with heroic self-denial, offered to represent the sterner sex by the aid of a few articles of masculine apparel. Gentlemanly-looking ushers escorted the fair guests to their seats; dashing gallants in dress-suits, attending beauteous dames in full evening costume, lent an indescribable air to the magical witchery of the brilliant scene. Pickles and slate-pencils were free to all, while Happy Innocence and Beauty discussed chalk, orange-peel and spruce gum, with none to molest or to make afraid. The immortal play of "Peg Woffington" was presented, and passed off with great *eldt*. Altogether it was a gorgeous affair, and one long to be remembered.

Wesleyan University has had a hard road to travel in pursuing its athletic amusements. While a game of foot-ball was in progress recently between the Sophomores of Trinity and Wesleyan, the venerable Prex of the latter institution suddenly appeared on the field, quietly remarked that study hours were now in progress, tucked the foot-ball under his arm and departed, to the great disgust of the players. And now he refuses to allow the nine to practice in the Gymnasium during the winter. No particular reason is given for this except that he won't have any base-ball in *his* gym.; no, not if the court knows itself. Naturally enough, the students are indignant at such despotic childishness. Start a rebellion, by all means. That seems to be the proper thing just now; especially out West. The students of the Agricultural College, at Lansing, Mich., have just tried it on. They determined, by a vote of eighty-five to thirty-five, to leave College in a body, and so bring their misguided Faculty to see the error of their ways. Causes and effect, as yet, unknown.

Williams has had a boom in base-ball. At a recent mass-meeting of the College, six hundred dollars was subscribed in fifteen minutes. Congratulations will be in order when it's all collected.

The Brown Association, on the other hand, is heavily in debt.

## EXCHANGES.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I., Scene III.*

We have never written a poem or a work of fiction. In early youth we stored our mind with facts, for instance, concerning the thrilling careers of individuals who never went swimming on Sunday, who never placed tin pans and the tails of yellow dogs in juxtaposition more exciting than convenient to the curs, and who, consequently, departed this life exactly at the tender age of fourteen years, to the grief of surviving stepmothers. We were carefully informed that Mary Somerville never played with dolls; that the illustrious George early resolved never to tell a lie, though all the cherry trees in Virginia were to fall; and that for interesting and exciting reading during boyhood, the Shorter Catechism was all-sufficient. Alas! our education, all along, has had a sombre and practical tendency. We have been made to appreciate *facts*—dry facts—rather than *sentiment* and *fiction*; and thus, while our "ultra poetical" brother of the College press sings sweetly of the "Dreamy Haze of Autumn Skies," and some future Thackeray in our midst speaks eloquently of the life and labors of "Red Dick, the Chippeway," we are apt to find ourselves musing in our spare moments upon the comparative merits of muffins and griddle-cakes for the morrow's breakfast. We therefore feel compelled to own that we are neither a poet nor a story-writer.

The above frank confession is deemed necessary, in order that our readers may understand our modesty as a reviewer, and our actual incompetency to adequately praise the charming stories of the periodical which represents the world-renowned Columbia College. This institution, our readers will remember, is situate in the metropolis of the western world. The semi-monthly referred to is entitled the *Acta Columbiana*. And, by the way, we would call particular attention to this already powerful engine of the College press. What the *Spectator* was to literary Londoners in the days of Addison; what the *Princeton Review* is to cultured Americans of to-day, such is the *Acta* of the near future, destined to prove to the College world. Nor will its influence be confined there. Even now it is understood that Mayor Grace and John Kelly find the sheet an indispensable companion of their lonely hours. And it is certainly rumored in literary circles that the poets Tennyson and S. M. Hageman have wept bitterly over its harrowing poetry. So much for the general character and prospects of this enterprising journal. As to its stories, language fails to describe our emotions when we have attempted to enjoy them. They—the stories—are touching. They are remarkable. Among others, we

notice in the last number a graceful effusion by the inimitable T. C. Smith, (this, we believe, is the renowned Smith of Jugtown,) and a heart-rending narrative entitled "What I know about Tub Racing." While there is, we are forced to confess, very little of literary merit in the latter, it evidently serves well the ends of its creation, as a moral tale for children. The *Acta* always has excelled in its stories. Even Mother Goose and Oliver Optic might gain instruction from it.

The *University Magazine*, hailing from the University of Pennsylvania, is a sprightly, well-conducted journal. It contains the usual quota of suggestions to the Faculty and students of the University, together with the ordinary et ceteras pertaining to College papers, generally. "A Christmas Eve" is well written, and is more than ordinarily interesting. The aim of the story is to show how a pessimist in College, whose principal studies are of the type of Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets," loses his melancholy, and suddenly begins to look upon the brighter side of existence. Of course, his change of base is wrought by his falling in love. The story makes no pretensions to a plot—it embodies a mere incident only. In this respect it conforms to the approved style. The prescribed brevity of this class of stories prevents their being of an ambitious nature. Sprightliness and humor are their essential and important requisites.

And now we graciously offer a word of advice to College story writers throughout the world. Don't weave into your plot too much of refined pleasantry concerning the sayings and doings of the respected Vassar maiden. The theme is growing monotonous, you know. "There is such a thing as being smothered with rose leaves." (This beautiful sentiment we quote from *The Princetonian*.) And don't, on the other hand, represent your characters as attempting in their conversation to prove the Evolution of Conscience or the Existence of an Oversoul. But, tell me, if you please, of that Senior who exchanged the pursuit of Metaphysics for love; who, in order to elope with Professor Gruffman's beautiful daughter, was obliged to climb up a rope five hundred feet, hand over hand, in order to rescue Mary Ann from the castle on the Rhine, where she was imprisoned; who did it successfully, and consequently graduated with high honors. Now, that's thrilling. Such a story would excite and exhilarate. And surely a yarn so true to life could hardly fail to add infinitely to the world's wisdom and happiness.

The pretty cover of the "Holiday Number" of the Oberlin *Review* deceived us as to the character of the magazine. We expected great things of this periodical, anyhow. One would naturally suppose the *Review* to be praiseworthy; because, you see, it is a feature of Oberlin, because Oberlin is in Ohio, and because Ohio contains so few Colleges that her entire energy ought to be expended in perfecting Oberlin. But we were somewhat disappointed. The concern is poorly printed, to start with; and its matter is commonplace and uninteresting. One literary article, a prosy poem, and a half-dzen pages of dry local items fill out the magazine before us. For your own sake, little *Review*, endeavor to improve. We are your friend; and it is for

your own good alone that we criticise you. For the severe, yet kindly treatment that you are receiving at our hands, you will some day rise up and call us blessed.

Our readers may gain an idea of the momentous questions that are agitating the intellects of Oberlin children from the following quotation from an editorial in the *Review*. It certainly shows that co-education is an element of a refined and advancing civilization, in that it tends to inspire an impatience of the unnatural and arbitrary distinctions at present existing between the sexes—in the matter of dress, at least:

"It is rumored that the Faculty propose to interfere to prevent the Classical ladies from wearing the mortar-board uniform of their respective classes on the ground that the caps would not be suitable as a head-covering for both ladies and gentlemen. We trust that this is only a rumor. \* \* \* For our part, we cannot see the slightest objection to the wearing of the caps by the ladies. We do not believe that in any circles it would be regarded as unladylike. We see, every day, on our streets, hats that are worn by gentlemen worn by the ladies, with only a little modification, and sometimes with no modification whatever, and these are not regarded as unfitting—(*Sic.*) The same would be true of the Oxford; and we believe that, after a week or two, our most conservative matrons would regard them as 'just the thing.'"

Just so. And, by all means, let the young gentlemen in Oberlin adopt immediately the present style of ladies' opera hats, with brims three feet across. Perhaps Oberlin don't attend the opera; but, anyhow, the opera hats would be warm, comfortable, and convenient for winter-wear, even on the street, you know. And they would shade one so perfectly from the moon, that they would undoubtedly soon be considered "just the thing" for fashionable gentlemen in Paris and New York. At least, boys, give the thing a trial.

For some time past we have been intending to notice our relative, *The Princetonian*, in these columns. Really, our neglect to do so has not been due to any want of respect for this youthful sister of ours. In fact, our silence has resulted solely from our inability to find adjectives to express accurately our admiration for the said member of our literary sisterhood. *Princetonian*, dear, we have not found anything *particular* to praise among your advertisements, of late; yet we praise you because it is our *duty*.